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THE South-Carolina Gazette.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Saturday, MAY 10. to Saturday, MAY 17. 1735.

The COBLER, *A TALE.*

For the Benefit of the Slipſhy Cripſhy.

YOUR ſage and moraliſt can ſhow
Many misfortunes here below;
A truth which no one ever miſs'd,
Tho' neither ſage nor moraliſt:
Yet all the troubles notwithſtanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themſelves will more create,
In ſpite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches ſeen,
Tortur'd with vapours and the ſpleen;
Transform'd (at leaſt in their own eyes)
To glaſs, or china, or gooſe-pies.
Others will to themſelves appear
Stone dead, as Will the conqueror;
And all the world in vain might ſtrive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And ſorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to eaſe their pain,
May puzzle doctor Chamberlain.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely from want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimſies riſe,
As monſtrous wild abſurdities
Are, ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute
Found without Bedlam, as within it.
Which if you further would have ſhown
And leiſure have to read -- read on.

There liv'd a gentleman poſſeſt
Of all that mortals reckon beſt:
A ſeat well-choſe in wholeſome air,
With gardens and with proſpects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free;
His money, never in ſouth-ſea;
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' paſt the hey day in his blood;
His conſort, fair and good, and kind;
His children riſing to his mind,
His friends ingenious and ſincere;
His honour, nay his conſcience clear:
He wanted nought of human bliſs,
But pow'r to taſte his happineſs

Too near alas! this great man's hall
A merry cobler had a ſtall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue:
Chearful at working, as at play,
He ſung and whiſtled life away:
When riſing morning glads the ſky,
Clear as the merry lark and high;
When ev'ning ſhades the landskip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Tho' pence came ſlow, and trade was ill
Yet ſtill he ſung and whiſtled ſtill;
Tho' patch'd his garb, & coarſe his fare
He laugh'd, and caſt away old care,
The rich man view'd, with diſcontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment;
With envy grudg'd, and pin'd to ſee
A beggar pleaſanter than he:
And, by degrees to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man;
Who haunted him like any ſprite,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd as once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the cobler at his ſport,
Amidſt his muſic ſtopping ſhort:
Whether his morning draught he took
Or warming whiff of wonted ſmoke:
The ſquire ſuſpected, (being ſhrewd)
This ſilence boded him no good,
And 'cauſe he nothing ſaw nor heard,
A machiavelian plot he fear'd.
Strait circumſtances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and ſtaring eyes;
And ſtraining wiſtful both his ears,
He ſoon perſuades himſelf he hears
One skip and caper up the ſtairs;
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who with a running jump, he thought
Leap'd plumb directly down his throat:
Laden with tackle of his ſtall,
Laſt, ends, and hammer, ſtrap and awl;
No ſooner down, than with a jerk
He fell to muſick, and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o'th' outſide of his door;
How ſorely muſt he now moleſt,
When got o'th' inſide of his breaſt!
The waking dreamer groans and ſwells
And pangs imaginary feels;
Catches and ſcraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill-favour'd ſmells his noſe diſpleaſe,
Mundungus ſtrong, and rotten cheeſe:
He feels him, when he draws his breath,
Or tung the leather with his teeth,
Or beat the ſole, or elſe extend
His arms to th' utmoſt of his end,
Enough to crack, when ſtretch'd ſo wide
The ribs of any mortal ſide.
Is there no method, then, to fly
This vile inteſtine enemy?
What can be done, in this condition,
But ſending inſtant for phyſician?

The doctor having heard the caſe,
Burſt into laughter, in his face:
Told him, he needs no more than riſe,
Open his windows, and his eyes:
Whiſtling and ſtitching there to ſee
The cobler, as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er perſuade me from my ſenſes:
How ſhall I riſe, the heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' ſeeing for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth, you know:
I feel him in my ſides, I tell ye:
Had you a cobler in your belly,
You ſcarce would ſheer as now you do;
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh? I tell you, ſir,
I'd kick you ſoundly, could I ſtir,
Thou quack, that never hadſt degree
In either univerſity: (ledge
Thou meer licentiate, without know-
The ſhame and ſcandal of the college.
I'll call my ſervants if you ſtay;
So doctor, ſcamper while you may.

One thus diſpatch'd, a ſecond came,
Of equal skill and greater fame:
Who ſwore him mad as a March hare.
For doctors, when provok'd will ſwear,
To drive ſuch whimſies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the Window ſtrait,
But jilting fortune can deviſe,
To baffle and outwit the wiſe:
The cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had juſt pull'd of his jerkin blue; (hurt
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour
To ſit in freſco in his ſhirt
Ah! quoth the patient, with a ſigh,
You know him not ſo well as I;
The man who down my throat is run,
Has got a true blue jerkin on.
In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
Argu'd and fretted ſtamp'd and ſwore;
Told him he might believe as well,
The giant of Pantagruel
Did oft, as break his faſt or ſup, (up;
For poach'd eggs ſwallow windmills
Or that the Holland dame could bear
A child, for ev'ry day i'th' year.
The vapour'd dotard, grave and ſly,
Miſtook for truth each rapping lye;
And drew concluſions ſuch as theſe,
Reſiſtleſs, from the premiſes.
I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill's bigger than a ſtall;
And ſince the lady brought alive
Children, three hundred ſixty five;
Why ſhould you think there is ner room
For one poor cobler in my womb?
Thus every thing his friends could ſay
The more confirm'd him in his way;

Father

Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, 'tho' impoſſible.
Now worſe and worſe his pitcous ſtate
Was grown and almoſt deſperate:
Yet ſtill the utmoſt beut to try,
Without more help he would not die.
An old phyſician ſly and ſhrewd,
With management of face endu'd,
Heard all his tale; and ask'd, with care
How long the cobler had been there?
Noted diſtinctly what was ſaid:
Lift up his eyes, and ſhook his head,
And grave accoſts him on this faſhion,
After mature deliberation,
With ſerious and important face:
Sir yours is an uncommon caſe:
Tho' I've read Galen's latin o'er,
I never met with it before;
Nor have I found the like diſeaſe
In ſtories of Hippocrates.
Then, after a convenient ſtay,
Sir, if preſcription you'll obey,
My life for yours, I'll ſet you free
From this ſame two-legg'd tympany.
'Tis true, you'r gone beyond the cure
Of fam'd worm-powder of John Moore;
Beſides, if downwards he be ſent,
I fear he'll ſplit your nether vent:
But then your throat, you know, is wide
And ſcarcely clos'd, ſince it was try'd!
The ſame way he got in, 'tis plain
There's room to fetch him out again:
I'll bring the forked worm away,
Without a dyſenteria:
Emeticks ſtrong will do the feat,
If taken quantum ſufficit.
I'll ſee myſelf the proper doſe,
And then hypnotics to compoſe.
The wretch, tho' languiſhing and weak,
Reviv'd already by the Greek,
Cries, what ſo learn'd a man as you
Preſcribes, dear doctor, I ſhall do.
The vomit ſpeedily was got,
The cobler ſent for to the ſpot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget,
But firſt the operator wiſe,
Over the ſight a bandage ties;
For vomits always ſtrain the eyes
Courage: I'll make you diſembogue,
Spight of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue;
I'll drench the raſcal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there
Warm water down he makes him pour
'Till his ſtretch'd guts could hold no (more;
Which doubly ſwell'd, as you may think
Both with the cobler, and the drink,
What they receiv'd againſt the grain,
Soon paid with int'reſt back again,
Here come his tools! he can't be long,
Without his hammer and his thong
The cobler humour'd what was ſpoke
And gravely carry'd on the joke;
As he heard nam'd each ſingle matter,
He chuck'd it ſoule into the water;
And then, not to be ſeen as yet,
Behind the door made his retreat.
The ſick man now takes breath a-while,
Strength to recruit for farther toil.
Unblinded he with joyful eyes,
The tackle floating there eſpies;
Fully convinc'd within his mind,
The cobler could not ſtay behind;
Who to the alehouſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do:
Nor could he like his preſent place,
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
At length he takes a ſecond bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains,
As would have ſplit another's brains.
Ay! here the cobler comes, I ſwear;
(And truth it was, for he was there,)
And, like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
Kick'd, with his foot, the vomit down.
The patient, now grown wond'rous light
Whipp'd off the napkin from his ſight;
Briskly lift up his head, and knew
The breeches and the jerkin's hue:
And ſmil'd to hear him grumbling ſay
As down the ſtairs he run his way,
He'd ne'er ſet foot within his door,
And jump down open throats no more;
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again,
Run, like a fox, down the red lane.
Our patient thus, his inmate gone,
Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
Joyful his gratitude expreſſes,
With thouſand thanks, and hundred (pieces.
And thus, with much of pains and coſt,
Regain'd the health he never loſt.

MORAL.

TAught by long miſeries, we find
Repoſe is ſeated in the mind;
And moſt men ſoon or late have own'd
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real wiſdom timely knows,
Without experience of the woes;
Nor needs inſtructive ſmart, to ſee,
That all on earth is vanity
Loſs, diſappointment, paſſion, ſtrife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
Tho' groundleſs, grievous in its ſtay,
'Twill ſhake our tenements of clay,
When paſt, as nothing we eſteem;
And pain like pleaſure is but dream.

CHARLESTOWN, *May* 17.

On Saturday laſt a certain Parſon, upon whom an Encomium was made and inſerted in *Gazette Numb.* 19. commencing with theſe words,

O Vir magne, vir mirande, vir ſine exemplo!

being ready to depart this Province in the Ship *Elizabeth* for London, was arreſted upon the Suit of Doct. Gibſon, and committed to the common Goal in Charles-Town.

Monday laſt his Majeſty's Ship the Squirrel and Snow the Happy ſailed with a fair Wind over the Barr, in Company with 6 other Veſſels all homeward bound.

On Tueſday following the Court of Common Pleas was open'd as uſual, and a vaſt Number of Plaintifs and Defendants with their *ſub pœna'd* Evidences were come from all parts of the Province, but the Deputy Marſhal not having duly ſummons'd the Jury, the Court was adjourned from one Day to another, and no Cauſe has been tried yet, to the great diſſatisfaction and Loſs of the Perſons living diſtant from Town, who thereby are brought to great and unneceſſary Charges; and it is hoped Grievances of this Nature will be taken notice of and remedied by the General Aſſembly. Yeſterday the Court adjourned to the 28th of this inſtant.

The Publick is to take notice, that a Diſcovery has been made of counterfeit new *Fifteen Pounds* Bills of our Currency, they are very much like the genuine Bills and difficult to be diſtinguiſh'd without compairing them one with the other, the firſt F in the word FIFTEEN in the true Bills has a bigger ſtroke at the bottom, and in the Margin the turning round of the Flower on the back of the F is very regular, but in the Counterfeits it is not ſo but more ſtreight and irregular, likewiſe one part of the heart in the middle of the Line in the true Bills juſt touches the Flouriſhing work above it, and in the Counterfeits there is more diſtance. It is ſuppoſed the General Aſſembly will order all the *Fifteen Pounds* Bills to be call'd in, in order to ſtop and prevent the further diſperſing of thoſe Counterfeits.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, Charlestown,

Entred Inwards.

Ship London Fregat, John Sutherland from Angola.
Brigt. Charming Betty, John Staples from Cadiz.
Sloop Relief, Joſ: Luſher from Providence.
—— Endeavour, John Bennet from ditto.
—— Catherine, James Crawford from St. Auguſtine.
—— Mary, Joſ Hinſon from Barbados.
—— True Friends, Sam. Warnar from ditto.

Entred out.

Brigt. Charming Betty, John Srapel for Oporto.
Sloop Pompey, Ebenezer Wyatt for Providence.

Clear'd for Departure.

Ship Elizabeth Edward Lee to London.
—— Carolina Merchant, Wm. Potter to Topſham.
Brigt Hopewell, Robert Rogers to Cowes.
Sloop Charming Betty, Tho: Croſsthwaite to Maryland.
—— Wm. & Sarah, Wm. Moody to Providence.
—— Sweet Nelly, Math. Turpin to Barbados.

EXPORTED from this PLACE ſince *Nov.* 1, 1734.

Rice 40324 Barrels, & 1038 Baggs. Pitch 15098 Tar 4704. Turpentine 2902. Whereof 14741 Barrels of Rice and 1006 Bags for FOREIGN MARKETS.

PRICES of the following GOODS.

Rice per Hund.	57 s. 6 d.	Middl. ——	5 l.
Pitch per Barrel	50 s.	White ——	7 l.
Tar per Bar.	40 s.	Milk Biſket ——	10 l.
Turpentine per C.	20 s.	Ship Bread ——	4 l.
Indian Corn per B.	20 s.	Salt per Buſhel	10 s.
Skins per Pound	19 s.	Wine per Pipe	75 l.
Staves no Demand.		Barbad. Rum per Hogſh.	13 l.
Flower per Hund	5 l.	Melaſſes per Hogſh.	11 s. 3 d.
Brown Bread	3 l. 10 s.		

Charles Town, May 16, 1735.

THere being ſeveral Matters of great moment, concerning the Welfare of this Province, that will require the utmoſt Attention of His Majeſty's Hon^ble. Council and General Aſſembly: The Hon^ble. Members thereof are earneſtly deſired by the Hon^ble,

Hon^ble. the Lieutenant Governor, punctually to meet on the 27th Inst. the Day the General Assembly is prorogued to.

By the Honourable the Lieutenant Governor's Command,
JESSE BADENHOP, *C. C.*

These are to give Notice to the several Persons afternamed, that there are Grants of Land signed and recorded for them respectively in the Secretary's Office of this Province (several whereof have layn above two Years, since signing, tho' the Grantees have been sufficiently apprized thereof by several former Advertisements and otherwise). Whoever therefore of the Grantees do not apply at the Secretary's Office aforesaid, in 30 days from the Date hereof, for their said Grants, and tender the Fees due to the respective Officers thereon, will be sued without loss of time.

Wm. Miles, John Stewart 2, J Summers 2, Hen. Toomer 2, Th. Boone, Rob. McNut, Wm. Waties 3, J Hearn Ja Stewart, J. Vanderhorst, Eliz. Hendlin, Geo. Dick, Rob. Whitfield, Hugh Campbell, Jos. Way, Th. Blyth, Susanna Williams, Wm Sanders, Dugald McKickan 2, J Ouldfield, J. Flud, Ezekiel Cox, Coll. J Purry, Rich. Capers, Ja. Cochran, Tho; Marrit, Wm Peers, Tho: Dickson, Ed: Edwards, Ed: Merodith, Fr: Harris, Corn: Dupre, Eliz: Perryman, — Pawley, Th: Elliot, Wm: Holmes, Tho. Hasell, J: Jordan, Wm: Gray, Hen: Wood, Rob: Keith, Aaron Hancomb, Jos: Johnson, J: Witter, Hen: Durant, Wm Crips, Eliz: Pamor, Rob: How, Geo: Pawley 3, Ben: Perry, J: Seale, J: Handlin, Jos: Bryan, Hanna Burly, Fr. Perry, Tho: Clifford, Ja: Forguson, J. Lane

NB. There are Grants ready for some Persons residing in *Charlestown*, who are desired to take them away.

This is to give notice to all Gentlemen & others, that Portrait-painting and Engraving, Heraldry and House painting are undertaken and performed expeditiously in a good manner, and at at the lowest rates, by
B. ROBERTS.

Just imported in the London Fregatt, Capt. *John Sutherland*, a choice Parcel of NEGROES from *Angola*, to be sold by CLELAND and WALLACE on Wednesday the 28th inst. on board the said Ship.

To be Sold

BY MILES BREWTON Powder Receiver, all sorts of Gun-Powder from 30 l to 10 l. *per* Hundred, in whole Barrils, half barrils, Quarter Casks, half Quarters, or a lesser Quantity for ready money.

To be Sold

ON the Bay in *Charlestown*, a Lott with two Tenements, where Mr. *Edw Croft* now lives in, the Lott is 33 & a half Feet front, and 50 feet deep Whoever has a mind to be the purchaser may agree upon the terms with
JONATH: DRAKE.

To be Lett

A House and Garden on *Ashley Ferry* very convenient for a Tavern, which has been kept there some time, and is very good accustomed Any Person having a mind to hire the same may agree with WM. STREET at the said Ferry.

To be Lett

A Town Lott with a Dwelling house and other Conveniencies, lying towards the Upper end of Broad street, the Ground being rich for a Garden, and has eleven fine Orange Trees thereon that bear, being the same Ground whereon the Georgian *Nursery of Trees were raised by Mr* Paul Amatis. *Any person inclinable to rent the same, may treat with* Thomas Heyward *on James Island, or Mr.* James Mathews *in Charlestown.*

To be Sold by CHARLES PINCKNEY

A Tract of Land containing 100 Acres pleasantly situated near Goose-Creeck Bridge & running down between the Church and the Parsonage House to the Creek, and is very convenient for an Inn for Travellers. Also Part of a Corner Lott in Town, containing 80 feet front on *Union-street*, and about 130 on *Dock street*. Any Person inclined to purchase either, may treat with the said
CHARLES PINCKNEY.

Run away Saturday the 3d instant from the Plantation of Mr. *Thomas Dixon*, a new middle seiz'd Angola Negro man, he has one sore eye, and was bought lately of Mr. *Savage*, had on an old pair of broad Cloth Breeches with blue puffs, and carried his blanket along with him. Whoever takes up the said Negro Fellow, and brings him to the Plantation aforesaid, or to Goal in *Charlestown*, shall be reasonably rewarded by
JOSEPH WAY.

To be sold for ready Money

IN *Thomas Elliot's* Alley, choice Madera Wine at 17 s. 6 d. the single Gallon, and right good Barbadoes Rum at 15 s. the single Gallon, and both something cheaper in taking 20 or 30 Gallons together: Likewise choice new Raisins of the Sun, single and double refin'd Loaf Sugar, several sorts of Stone & earthen Ware, dry Cod-fish, and divers other Goods very reasonably by THOMAS GATES, but all this for ready money, which I hope you will not mistake to bring along with you, else we shall be put to the Trouble of making a new bargain.

Stolen or Strayed out of the Pasture belonging to Mrs. *Somerville* two miles above the Quarter House about the middle of *April* last, a black Horse nigh 14 Hands high, with a short Switch Tail, branded on the mounting Shoulder with an I and an S a-cross and on the off buttock with a mark almost worn out. Whoever can give any tiding of the said Horse, so that the Owner may have him again, shall receive 3 l. reward, by
WILLIAM PINCKNEY.

All Persons indebted to the Estate of *Doctor* Thomas Cooper *deceased, either by himself or in Comp. with any other, are desired to pay their respective Debts to* James Killpatrick, *Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said* Thomas Cooper, *as there is an immediate necessity for discharging several Bonds on Interest due from his Estate, for the greater Benefit and Satisfaction of his other Creditors And all Persons to whom he is indebted are desired to bring in their Accompts And whereas the Doctor at the time of his decease had several Books lent out some of his own, and many borrowed from other Persons it is hoped all who have borrowed any, will be so just as to return them, and they may be assur'd, upon leaving a Memorandum of any Books lent to him of their being return'd, if found among his, or if they are ever procur'd by*
JAMES KILLPATRICK.

To be Sold

A Plantation containing 500 Acres of Land, situate on *Pon Pon* upon *Horse shoe Savannah*, 400 thereof is very good Corn Land, together with about 100 head of Cattle, and two good riding Horses. Whoever has a mind to purchase the Premises may agree with.
JOSEPH MACKEY.

To be Sold

AT Mr. *Dry's* Plantation just above the Quarter House, a substantial Ox Waggon little the worse for use, also a neat Horse Waggon almost new, and a Canoe that will carry 10 or 12 barrils of Rice; Credit will be given for each till next Crop if required, the purchasers giving prices accordingly.

Any one wanting to hire Negro Carpenters by the month, may be furnished therewith at the said Plantation.

To be sold for ready Money by *James Smallwood* on the Bay a very good sortment of European goods at first Cost. The said *Smallwood* designing soon to go off this Province desires all those that are indebted to him to pay their respective Debts on or before the first day of *June* next, or they will be sued without further notice. All Debts under *Twenty Pounds*, will be put into the Hands of a Constable; whoever has any Demands on him are desired to bring in their Accounts as soon as possible.

All Persons indebted to the Estate of John Stevenson *late of* Charlestown *Glazier deceased, are desired to come and pay their respective Debts to* Mary Stevenson *Widow & Executrix of the said* John Stevenson; *And all persons who have any demands on the said Estate are desired to bring in their Accounts, in order to their being adjusted and paid*
Mary Stevenson.

Stray'd or stolen out of the Pasture of *Nicho Trott* Esq; near *Charlestown*, on Monday last being the 5th Inst. a large white Horse, between 7 & 8 Years old, marked on the left Buttock with R D the top of the R being almost worn out. Whoever brings him or gives notice of him to Mrs. *Sarah Trott*, shall be well rewarded
SARAH TROTT,
by the said